

THE
BOUQUET;

COMPOSED OF

THREE-AND-TWENTY

FAVOURITE

NEW SONGS.



Derby, printed for the Travelling Stationers.

1793.

The BOUQUET.

SONG 1, DEATH or LIBERTY.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter;
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter:
The noble mind is not at all,
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am persuaded,
Each free-born Briton's song shall be,
Or give me death or liberty,
Or give me, &c.
Tho' small the pow'r which fortune
And few the gifts she sends us, [grants
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us;
By law secur'd from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum;
Thus blest'd with, all that's dear in life,
For lucre shall we sell 'em?
No!—every Briton's song should be,
Give me death or liberty,
Give me death, &c.

SONG 2, HARVEST HOME.

WHAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,
And echo o'er the lawn! [ears,
Behold the loaded car appears,
In joyful triumph drawn:
The nymphs & swains, a jovial band,
Still shouting as they come,
With rustic instruments in hand,
Proclaim the Harvest Home.
The golden sheaves pil'd up on high,
Within the barn are stor'd;
The careful hind, with secret joy,
Exulting views his hoard:
His labours past he counts his gains,
And, free from anxious care,
His calks are broach'd; the sun-burnt
His rural plenty there. [swains

In dance and song the night is spent,
All ply the flowing bowl;
And jests and harmless merriment,
Expand the artless soul:
Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
Who still reap'd by his side;
And plights his troth, if she prove kind,
To take her for his bride.
For joys like these, thro' circling years,
Their toilsome task they tend;
The hind successive labours bears,
In prospect of the end:
In Spring, or Winter, sows his seed,
Manures, or tills the soil;
In Summer various cares succeed,
But harvest crowns his toil.

SONG 3, The SAILOR's ADIEU.

Distress me with those tears no more,
One kiss, my love, & then adieu;
The last boat destin'd for the shore
Waits, dearest girl, alone for you:
Soon, soon before the light winds borne
Shall I be sever'd from your sight,
You left the lonely hours to mourn,
And weep thro' many a stormy night.
When far along the restless deep,
In trim array the ship shall steer,
Your form remembrance still shall keep;
Your worth affection still revere:
And, with the distance from your eyes,
My love for you shall be increas'd,
As to the pole the needle lies,
And, farthest off, still varies least.
While round the bowl the cheerful crew
Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
My thoughts shall fondly turn to you—
Of you alone shall be my strain:
And when we've beat the leaguings foe
Revengeful for our country's wrong,
Returning home, my heart shall shew
No fiction grac'd my artless song.

SONG 4,
CRUEL TYRANT LOVE.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love,
A conquest I believ'd
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
Oh! let me be deceiv'd.
Forbear to fan the gentl' flame
Which love did first create.
For he who lately was my pride,
Is now become my hate,
Then call not to my wav'ring
mind,
The weakness of my heart,
That ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

SONG 5,
HE PIP'D SO SWEET.

WHEN rural lads and lasses gay,
Proclaim'd the birth of rosy May,
When round the maypole on the green,
The rustic dancers all are seen.
'Twas there young Jockey met my view
His like before I never knew,
He pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay,
Alas he danc'd my heart away.
He pip'd, &c.

At eve when cakes & ale went round,
He plac'd him next me on the ground,
With harmless mirth and pleasing jest,
He shone more bright than all the rest,
He talk'd of love and press'd my hand,
Ah who could such a youth withstand,
Well pleas'd I heard what he cou'd say,
Alas he talk'd my heart away.

And he pip'd, &c.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,
While rapture sparkled in his eye,
So winning was his face and air,
It might the coldest heart ensnare,
But when he ask'd me for his bride,
I promis'd soon and soon comply'd
What Nymph on earth could say him nay
His charms must steal all heart away.

And he pip'd, &c.

THE MAID'S ADVICE.

TRUST not man, for he's deceiver
you;
Treach'ry is his sole intent;
First he'll court you, then he'll leave
Poor deluded to lament, (you
Listen to a kind adviser,
Men pursue but to perplex;
Would you happy be grow wiser,
And avoid the faithless sex.
Form'd by Nature to undo us,
They escape our utmost heed;
Ah! how humble while they woo us
But how vain if they succeed,
So the bird when'er deluded,
By the artful fowler's snare,
Mourns out life in cage secluded:
Fair ones while you're young be-
ware.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

AT dewy dawn as o'er the lawn,
Young Roger early stray'd,
He chanc'd to meet with Jenny sweet,
The blooming country maid.
Her cheeks so red with blushes spread,
Shew'd like the breaking day,
Her modest look the shepherd took,
She stole his heart away.
With tender air he woo'd the fair,
And movingly address'd;
For love divine can clowns refine,
And warm the coldest breast;
Her eyes he prais'd, and fondly gaz'd,
On her enchanting face;
Where innocence and health dispence,
Each winning rosy grace.
Young Jenny's breast loves pow'r
confess'd,
And felt an equal fire:
Nor had she art to hide her smart,
Or check the soft desire,
Hymen unites, in blissful rites,
The fair the matchless two:
And wedlock ne'er could boast a pair
More lovely or more true.

SONG 8.

RODNEY TRIUMPHANT.

COME, my boys, we've beat the foe
Who vainly fought to fright us;

RODNEY gave the glorious Blow,
And Dons no more dare fight us.

CHORUS.

For all of us are jolly Tars,
Are Britain's Sons united;
With Vigour we'll pursue the Wars,
And see Old Albion righted.

France and Spain may do their best,
And strain each Nerve to beat us;
When Britons join they'll stand the test
And prove they can't defeat us.

For all of us, &c.

British Tars we, stout and bold,
Honour lies before us;
Pursue it then, 'tis more than Gold,
And Beauty will adore us.

For all of us, &c.

See, the Gale of Fortune blows,
Let's fill our Topsails to it;
Courage, Boys, we've beat our Foes,
And made the Bourbons rue it.

For all of us, &c.

While Steersmen quarrel at the Helm,
Our Eyes presume to brave us;
They swear they will us overwhelm,
And threaten to enslave us,

For all of us, &c.

We've shewn the undermining Foe
We value not their Thunder;
Their Perfidy we'll make them know,
And quickly bring them under.

For all of us, &c.

Crown the Glass to Rodney's Fame,
And his who Omoa storm'd;
With Barrington and Prevost's Name,
Who well have Monfieurs warw'd.
For all of us are jolly Tars,
Are Britain's Sons united;
With Vigour we'll pursue the Wars,
And see Old Albion righted.

SONG 9.

MA CHERE AMIE

MA chere Amie, my charming Fair!
Whose Smiles can banish ev'ry care
In kind Compassion smile on me,
Whose only Fault is Love for thee.

Ma chere Amie, &c.

Under sweet Friendship's sacred Name
My Bosom caught the tender flame;
May Friendship in thy Bosom be,
Converted into Love of me.

Together rear'd, together grown,
Oh! let us now unite in one,
Let Pity soften thy Decree,
I droop, dear Maid, I die for THEE.

SONG 10.

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter,
In what secret Grove or Cave,
Sighs and Sonnets sent to melt her,
From the Young, the Gay, the Brave:

Tho' with prudish Airs she starch her,
Still she longs, and still she burns;
Cupid shoots like Hymen's Archer,
Wherefo'er the Damsel turns,

Virtue, Youth, good Sense and Beauty,
If Discretion guide us not,
Sometimes are the Russians Booty,
Sometimes are the Booby's Lot,

Now they're purchas'd by the Trader,
Now commanded by the Peer,

Now some subtle mean Invader,
Wins the Heart or gains the Ear.

O Discretion thou'rt a jewel,
Or our grand mamma's mistake,

Stinting Flame by baring Fuel,
Always careful and awake;

would you keep your pearls from tram-
plers

Weigh the Licence weigh the Banns,
Mark my Song upon your Samplers;
Wear it on your Knots and Fans.

S O N G 11.

The FREE MALONS.

COME, let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Assembled on this merry Occasion;
Let's drink, laugh and sing,
Our Wine has a Spring;
Here's a Health to an accepted Mason.

Let's drink, &c.

The World is in Pain
Our Secrets to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on:
They ne'er can divine
The Word or the Sign
Of a free and an accepted Mason.

They ne'er can divine, &c.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the Nation
Should Aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Should Aprons put on, &c.

Great Kings, Dukes and Lords
Have laid by their Swords,
Our Myst'ry to put a good Grace on;
And ne'er been ashamed
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted Mason.

And ne'er been ashamed, &c.

Antiquity's Pride
We have on our Side,
And it maketh men just in their station
There's Nought but what's good
To be understood,
Of a free and an accepted Mason.

There's nought but what's good, &c.

We're true & sincere
And just to the Fair,
Who trust us on ev'ry Occasion;
No Mortals can more
The Ladies adore.

Of a free and an accepted Mason.

No Mortals can more, &c.

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Then join Hand in Hand
T'each other firm stand,
Let's be merry & put a bright face on
What Mortal can boast
So noble a Toast
As a Free and an Accepted Mason.
What Mortal can boast, &c.

S O N G 12.

I'D THINK ON THEE MY LOVE.

IN Storms when clouds obscure the
Sky,

And thunders roll and lightnings fly,
In midst of all these dire Alarms,

I think my Sally on thy Charms,

The troubled Main,

The Wind and Rain;

My ardent passion prove,

Lash'd to the Helm,

Shou'd Seas o'erwhelm,

I'd think on thee my Love.

When Rocks appear on every side,

And Art is vain the Ship to guide,

In varied shapes when Death ap-
pears,

The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers,

The troubled Main,

The Wind and Rain,

My ardent Passion prove,

Lash'd to the Helm,

Shou'd Seas o'erwhelm,

I'd think on thee my Love.

But shou'd the gracious Pow'rs be
kind,

Dispel the Gloom and still the Wind,

And waft me to thy arms once more,

Safe to my long-lost native Shore,

No more the Main,

I'd tempt again,

But tender Joys improve,

I then with thee,

Shou'd happy be,

And think on nought but Love.

THE BOATSWAIN PIPES THE
WIND IS LOUD.

THE Boatswain pipes the wind is loud
And mountains high the billows rise
All hands aloft taut every shroud,
Bout ships my boys all fear despise.
Danger we never shall deplore,
If we keep safe from a lea-shore.
How deep the rattling Thunder rolls,
How keen the forked lightnings fly,
It seems to shake the distant poles,
And blaze along the vaulted skye.
Yer danger we shall not deplore,
If we keep safe from a lea-shore.
The waves again are charm'd to sleep,
Neptune again is seen to smile;
And all the fury of the deep
Is lost against our favourite isle,
My sue shall not my loss deplore,
While I am safe from a lea-shore.

SONG 14,

HODGE'S COURTSHIP.

ON courting I went to my love,
Who's sweeter than roses in May,
But when I got to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully resolved to woo her.
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.
But I ask'd her which way was the wind
For I tho't on some talk I must enter;
Why, Sir, (she made answer & grin'd)
Have you just sent your wife for a
venture?
That I look'd like a fool you'll allow,
As often I have done before;
But meaning my courage to show,
I—look'd like a fool once more.
I press'd her hand close to my breast,
Then my heart was as light as a
feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But, Madam, tis mighty fine weather

To an harbour I her did attend,
She ask'd me to sit down by her,
But I crept to the furthest end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.
The devil was in me, 'tis plain,
For wanting some thing to amuse
Instead of revealing my pain,
I unluckily humm'd out—excuse
me.
Next I follow'd her into the house,
And vow'd, I my fortune would try
But there was I mute as a mouse;
Oh! what a dull booby was I.

SONG 15,

VIRTUOUS LOVE.

HOW sweet is love when virtue guide
How transient is the mind;
Smooth as the summer's peaceful
tides,
As grateful and as kind.
The morning breaks serenely clear,
We welcome in the day;
The evening comes without a fear,
The night our toils repay.
But sad reverse where vice appears,
With all her scorpion train;
Joyless we pass our prime of years,
And end a life in pain.

SONG 16,

THE YOUNG LINNET.

YOU gave me last week a young
linnet;
Shut up in a fine Golden Cage;
Yet, how sad the poor Thing was
within it,
Oh! how it did flutter & rage!
Then he mop'd and pin'd,
That his Wings were confin'd
Till I open'd the Door of his Den;
Then so merry was he,
And because he was free,
He came to his Cage back again.

SONG 17.

The POOR CURATE,

FOR many years he walk'd his parish
Rounds,
And serv'd 3 distant Cures—for thirty
Pounds; [the Week
and this, with some few Shillings by
for teaching his rich Vicar's Children
Greek, [self,
Was all he ever gain'd of hard-earn'd
To feed two Orphan Sisters & himself.
Tis said, indeed, he was so very poor,
That e'en the starving Vagrant, near
his Door, [Leg,
You'd hide his sickly Face, & wooden
And bravely stagger by, ASHAM'd to
beg.

SONG 18.

HOW DREAR THE NIGHT.

How drear the night how dark each
cloud,
While rustling winds are piping round,
With foaming and tempestuous Roar,
The Surges dash against the Shore,
The Rocks and hollow Caves resound
and Horrors fill each Mind around,
Oh! where's my Willy, far from me,
Upon the rough and dang'rous sea,
With ev'ry rushing Gale I hear
heave a Sigh, and drop a Tear,
and when the dreadful Thunder roll,
The Tempest shakes me to the Soul;
tremble, listen, hope and fear,
or thee my true and only dear.
Oh where's my Willy, far from me,
Upon the rough and dangerous Sea.
How happy those who live on Land,
and see their homely Toils expand,
They dread no Rocks, or Billows roar.
Secure upon their native Shore;
they view their lambskins skip and
bound,
crop their food from flow'ry ground,
or mourn their absent love like me,
far off upon the dang'rous Sea.

SONG 19.

WHENe'er I meet my Celia's Eyes,
Sweet Raptures in my bosom rise,
My feet forget to move;
She too reclines her lovely Head,
Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are spread
Sure this is mutual Love.
My beating Heart is wrapt in Bliss,
Whene'er I steal a tender Kiss,
Beneath the silent Grove;
She strives to frown and put me by,
Yet Anger dwells not in her Eyes,
Sure this is mutual Love.
And once, O once, the dearest maid,
As on my Breast her Head was laid,
Some secret impulse drove;
Me, me her gentle Arms caress,
And to her Bosom closely prest,
Sure this is mutual Love.
And now transported with her charms
A soft desire my Bosom warms,
Forbidden Joys to prove;
Trembling for fear she shou'd com-
ply,
She from my Arms prepares to fly,
Tho' warm'd with mutual Love.
O stay, I cry'd, let Hymen's Bands,
This Instant join our willing Hands,
And all thy Fears remove;
A modest Blush consent exprest:
And now we live supremely blest,
A Life of mutual Love.

SONG 20.

Sung in MIDAS.

O What Pleasure will abound,
When my Wife she's laid in ground
Let Earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my Wife she's laid in Ground,
O how happy should I be,
Would little Nyssa pig with me;
How I'd tumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nyssa pig with me.

SONG 22,

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my mean
 Alas! it increases my pain, [gone.
 When I think on the days that are
 Thro' the grate of my prison I see,
 The birds as they wanton in air;
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair.
 Above tho' oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes;
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those:
 False woman in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be;
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.
 Ye roofs where cold damps & d'may,
 With silence and solitude dwell;
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell:
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur a-
 O Mary prepare thee TO DIE! [round;
 My blood it runs cold at the sound

SONG 22.

THE VILLAGE MAID.

SILENT I tread this lonely wood,
 Silent I shed the piteous tear,
 No hope to cheer my drooping soul,
 Bereft of him I hold most dear,
 Still do I seek those dreary shades,
 A love lorn maid the village scorn,
 Since Henry won my plighted faith,
 Then left me here to sigh forlorn.
 Yon mossy bank oft times recalls
 The image of the blooming youth,
 'Twas there he stole my easy heart,
 With vows of constancy and truth.
 Faint from her lips her accent flew,
 And faintly beam'd her eyes so bright.
 She sunk upon the mossy bank,
 Unk to everlasting light.

SONG 23,

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

WHAT's a poor simple clown
 To do in the town,
 Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none
 The folks I saw there
 Two faces did wear—
 An honest man ne'er has but one.

CHORUS.

Let others to London go roam,
 I love my neighbour,
 To sing and to labour;
 To me there's nothing like country [home

Nay the ladies, I vow,
 I cannot tell how,
 Were now white as a curd, & now red
 La! how would you stare
 At their huge crop of hair,
 'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head
 Let others, &c.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
 And with trinkets about,
 With ribbands and slippers between,
 They go noddle and tofs
 Just like a sore horse,
 With tassels and bells in a team.

Let others, &c.
 Then the fops are so fine
 With lank-waisted chine,
 And a little skimp bit of a hat,
 Which from sun, wind, and rain,
 Will not shelter the brain,
 Tho' there's no need to take care of that
 Let others, &c.

Would you the creatures ape,
 In looks and their shape,
 Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
 Let him waddle in gait.
 A skim dish on his pate,
 And he'll look all the world like a beau.
 Let others, &c.

